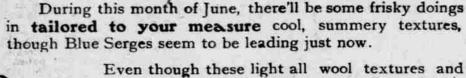
# EXTRA TROUSERS FREE



blue serges at \$15 to \$25 have the call just now, we'll continue extra



## L Trousers FREE With Each Suit

These are the identical weaves the mills spun for the "exclusive" high priced tailors. But the cold spring interfered with their plans - thought they'd sell at \$40 and \$45-but they didn't. Our ready cash and rapid outlet of our 19 big, painstaking tailoring establishments brought them to us at cost.

AT \$15 TO \$25

BLAYS-QUICKEST TAILOR SERVICE

# Fualish Moolen Mills Co.

1134 Main St.

Half Block North of Fairfield Ave.

## Fairfield County News.

Norwalk's New Industry. Norwalk's New Industry.

Lere will soon be located in Norta a branch of the business of the Peabody and Company, shirt collar manufacturers, who have hased the factory of the Norta Shirt Company. Not enly will company add another story to the ory, but it has plans in view for erection of a duplicate factory of same size, immediately adjoining, at 1,400 persons will be employed, adding 200 men.

Burned By Gasolene cohnny Lowe, of Stamford, has been many a ticklish position and has tost his nerve, but late Friday ernoon he figured in an accident at frightened him. Johnny, be it own, is the young man who slept mily in the rumble seat of John H. andiv in the rumble seat of John H.
son's big Palmer-Singer sax, the
the thit a vehicle in Darien, and
us smashed. More recently he was for smashed. More recently he was infrown out of a motor car that was toing over the top of Noroton Hill at 66-mile clip. He went out headforenest, and got a nasty cut on his chin Priday afternoon he was cleaning a ar. He had a can of gasoline by his ide. Some little gasoline had spilled on the floor. There were two or three rightors at the garage, and one was ltors at the garage, and one was oking. Somehow the gasoline on the or caught fire. The blaze flashed around Johnny, and set the can on Then his trousers caught fire, saturated with oil and grease burned brisky. Johnny best at flames and finally succeeded in kills the fire on his person.

Mangled By Train. An unknown man, apparently 35 cers old, was found dead, badly mullsted, alongside the railroad tracks t Stamford. Friday night, by railroad imployees. There were no marks on he clothing, nor letters or other articles in the pickets, by which to identify

\$500,000 to Be Expended. Greenwich Water Company will commence extensive improve-to cost about \$500,000. Water-are to be extended, the capacity the reservoirs increased, and the liter-beds enlarged. Water sheds will be cleaned and the dam at Putnam also raised about 10 feet. More filter-beds will be installed. Last season expite that four or five million gallons of water were filtered daily, the filter specify was overtaxed.

Many of our citizens are drifting to-ards Bright's Disease by neglecting yangtoms of kidney and bladder trou-to which Foley's Kidney Remedy will uickly ours. F. B. Brill; local agent. \* 1 3 6

## Litchfield County News.

Rusty Nail Caused Death. Howard Clark, aged 39, a prominent esident of Morris, died of lockjaw thursday night. Ten days before fr. Clark, while at work upon his arm, jumped upon a rusty spike with uch force that it went entirely brough his foot.

Company against the Connecticut Electric Manufacturing Company of Bantam. The plaintiff alleged an infringement of letters patent on the part of the defendant on a panel switch and cut-out. Judge Platt dismisses the bill of complaint for want of equity and he directs that full costs be paid the defendant.

Gone Hence.

ica and after a short stay in New York came to Torrington and worked as a wool sorter in a woolen mill.

MEN PAST FIFTY IN DANGER. MEN PAST FIFTY IN DANGER.

Men past middle life have found comfort and relief in Foley's Kidney Remedy, especially of enlarged prostate gland, which is very common among elderly men. L. E. Morris Dexter. Ky., writes: "Up to a year ago my father suffered from kidney and bladder trouble and several physicians pronounced it enlargement of the prostate gland and advised an operation. On account of his age we were afraid he could not stand it and I recommended Foley's Kidney Remedy, and the first bottle relieved him, and after taking the second bottle he was no longer troubled with this complaint."

F. B. Brill, local agent. \*136

## LIVE STOCK MARKET.

New York, June 10.—Good to choice steers sold at \$6.20 @ \$6.95 per 100 lbs; 2 head at \$7; stags and oxen at \$5.25 @ \$5.35; bulls at \$3.75 @ \$5.25; cows at \$2.10 @ \$5.12 l-2. Dressed beef 9c @ 16 1-2c

## BOOTH'S RYE GROWS SEVEN FEET HIGH

William J. Nichols brought from the farm of David B. Booth in Stratford today some stalks of rye which are 7 feet high and growing. The regular

Near Cape Horn, in the island of Tierra del Fuego, live the most curious people in all South America. It rains or snows or sleets nearly every day, and yet they look on their country as the finest in the world. They wear George D. Workman, one of Torrington's prominent citizens, died Monday
after a short iliness. He was president of the Warrenton Woolen Company, the Torrington Electric Light
Company, the Torrington National
Bank and the Workman-Rawlinson
Company, and a director in the Hunt
& Seymour Manufacturing Company
and the Torrington Company,
and the Torrington Company
and the told the island "the Land of Fire." which
is almost the worst name he could
have chosen. Their buts are made of
bent boughs and covered with grass
and give only the poorest shelter. The
folk are vain, too, wearing necklaces
of the teeth of fishes or seals and painting patterns on their bodies. Among
them some colors have a novel meaning patterns on their bodies. Among
them some colors have a novel meaning patterns on their bodies. Among
them some colors have a novel meaning patterns on their bodies. They are great mimics and
will imitate voice and gesture perhardly any clothing and seem not to

> Bamboo Fascination The secret of the charm of bamboos

is so subtle and elusive as to defy analysis. Bamboos are really grasse on a large scale—a tropical scale—yet they do not impress us as being coarse -in fact, they are slenderness person-ified-and they seem to fit well into a northern landscape. Their decorative character is so clearly recognized that they are often grown in large pots or tubs for porch and greenhouse decoration-even the hardy species. Bamboos are generally thought to look best on the bank of a stream or among rocks on a hillside, but they are also becoming favorites for the bardy box der, and they are often used most ef-fectively in cities at the base of public buildings-for example, at the national capitol.—Country Life In America.

Common to choice veals sold at \$6 @ \$8.75 per 100 lbs, with general sales at \$7.50 @ \$8.50; culls at \$5 @ \$5.50; buttermilks mainly at \$4 @ \$4.50. Dressed calves 8 1-2c @ 13c for city dressed veals and 7c @ 11 1-2c@ for country dressed.

Common to good sheep sold at \$3.50 @ \$5 per 100 lbs; choice heavy at \$5.50; unshorn at \$5.25. Dressed mutton at \$5.25. Dressed mutton at \$5.26. dressed lambs 14c @ 17c; dressed yearlings at 10c @ 13c. Water is a wonderful preservative of iressed yearlings at 10c @ 13c.

Light to heavy hogs quotable at \$7.60 tire after they had lien in the water old waste. The bodys were found inthirty-six years and eleven months."

A Clew to Happiness If it be my lot to crawl, I will crawl ententedly; if to fly, I will fly with alacrity, but as long as I can possibly avoid it I will never be unhappy. If with a pleasant wife, three children and many friends who wish me well I cannot be happy I am a very silly,

# Judge Platt Dismisses Bill.' Judge Platt in the U. S. circuit field is growing to such a stature that urt has directed a final decree in farer of the defendant in the suit of the rumbull Electric Manufacturing be lost. height of rye is usually about three foolish fellow, and what becomes of me field is growing to such a stature that there is danger of the stalks toppling over with the result that the crop will be lost. FURNACES & BOILERS FOR HEALTH NO COMFORT BARSTOW STOVE CO. Providence, R.I.

Lynch & Co., Golden Hill St. Wm. P. Kirk & Co., 360 Fairfield Ave.

## THE FIGHTER

By ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE Author of "Caleb Conover, Railroader," "Dr. Dale," "On Glory's Trail," etc.

NEW YORK FRANK F. LOVELL COMPANY

Copyright, 1909, by Albert Payson Terhune

### (Continued.)

"But I didn't know you knew any of the Standishes except—"

"I don't yet. But I will by then. I'll. get asked. You're goin' to the musicle part of it with Mrs. Hawarden, ain't you, Dey? You said somethin' about it yesterday. Well, you'll see me there. Say!" as a new idea struck him, "how'd you like to be asked to the dinner, too? That's the excloosive part of the whole show. Only about a dozen guests. More'n a couple of hundred at the musicle. Want to go to the dinner?"

"Of course not," she exclaimed. "What a crazy idea! As if you could get me an invitation, even if I did want to!"

"Oh, I could get it all right," urged "But I didn't know you knew any of

'Oh, I could get it all right," urged "Oh, I could get it all right, used Caleb. "I'm goin' myself."
Caine, who had dropped wholly out of the talk, rose to go. There was a curious restraint about his manner as

he bade Desiree goodbye.
"Well, Caleb Conover!" rebuked Desiree as soon as she and the Fighter were left alone. "Of all the historically idiotic plunges into other peoples'

greenhouses I ever saw!"
"What've I done now?" asked Caleb
in due humility.
"What haven't you done?" she retorted. "Don't you know Mr. Caine is
engaged to Letty Standish?"
"I'd forgotten for the minute. What
of it?"

"There you sat and boasted you'd be invited to dinner at her house! When you don't even know her. What am I do with you? I've a great mind to make you drink two more cups of

"I don't see yet what the row is," he

to make you drink two more cups of tea!"

"I don't see yet what the row is," he pleteded. "But I've riled you, Dey. I'm awful sorry. I cupitint to come here when there's civilized you, Dey. I'm awful sorry. I cupitint to come here when there's civilized you, Dey. I'm awful sorry. I cupitint to come here when there's civilized you, "But I've riled you," beginning to make you agained an'—"

"How often mut I tell you," she great when the trip only make you samed, an'—"

"Why should it hurt anyone when I taik of goin' to a—""

"The you know they hurt me!"

"Why should it hurt anyone when I taik of goin' to a—""

"The not speaking about the dinner. I'r's about your not coming to see me. If people don't like to meet my chum, they needn't call on me. As for being 'ashamed' of you—here! Take this cup of tea and drink it. Drink it, I say. And when you finish you must drink affother. All of it. With sugar in it. Two lumps. I don't care if you hate sweet things. You've got to be incomed in the work of the papers ged. "It's vile stuff. An' I drank every drop. Dey. Tlease be friends again. Aw, please do!"

"You be overgrown baby!" she said looking laughingly down into his red, remorseful face. "You tak very, very loudly about being a 'grown than,' and a financier. And some of the papers call you 'Brute' Conover—the wretched sheets! But you're only about to reyears old. No one knows you ceast time. To, the others you must or right." In ever thought of it that way before. I don't know why it is except may be because I never had any belyhood or a chance to be young I seem to have been born grown up and on the lookout to get the best of the next feller. Then, when I get with you, I lose about twenty years and feel like a kid. It's great to be that way. Nobobod else ever makes me feel so."

"I suppose not," mocked the girl. "You other friends are fossly people that way. Nobobod else ever makes me feel so."
"I suppose not," mocked the girl. "You other friends are fossly people that way before it me the string the form of the rela

that way. Nobody else ever makes me feel so."

"I suppose not," mocked the girl. "Your other friends are fossly people all about a million years old. And you look on me as a child and try to talk and act down to my level. It is very humiliating. I'm nearly twenty and quite grown up and—"

"Your eyes are, anyhow," commented Caleb. "They're two sizes too large for your face."

"Is that a compliment? If it is—"

"I don't know," pursued Conover. "I never noticed how big they was till one day when you were dripkin icetea. Then, all of a sudden, it struck me that if your eyes wasn't so big you'd be liable to tumble into your glass. Now you're mad again!" he sighed. "But it's true. You're awful little. You don't much more'n come up to my elbow."

"When you're quite through saying watch before.

ome up to my elbow. "When you're quite through saying woozzey things about my size and my eyes," said Desiree, coldly, "perhaps you won't mind talking of something

"If you'd just as leave," hesitated aleb, "I'd like to talk a little bout what you said a few minutes ago.

About my bein' young. You don't get it quite right. I'm not young an' I never was or will be,—except with you. When you an' me are together, some part of me that I don't generally know s there, seems to take charge. Maybe I don't explain it very clear. I don't seem quite to understand it myself. Here's the idee: D'you remem per that measly little green-covered French book I found you cryin' over, once? The 'Vee' of something."
"You mean Barriere's 'Vie de Bo-

"That's it. The French play you said was wrote from a book, by some other parly-voo chap. You told me the story of it, I remember. It didn't make much of a hit with me at the time, an' I couldn't quite see where the cry come in. But I got to thinkin' of it when you spoke just now. Remember the chap in there who told the girl she was his Youth an' that if it wasn't for her he'd be nothin' but just a plain grown man? "Twas her that kep' him feelin' like a boy. An' then when she died—let's see—what was it he hollered? Something 'bout—"
"'O, ma Jeunesse, c'est vous qu'on

"'O, ma Jeunesse, c'est vous qu'on enterre," quoted Desfree.
"Maybe so." assented Caleb, doubt-fully. "It sounds like a Chinese laundry ticket to me. That was the part you were cryin' over, too. What is it in English?"

in English?"
"'Oh my Youth, it is you they are burying!" translated the girl.
"That's the answer," said Conover, gravely. "Now let's talk about something better worth while than me. I was chinnin with Caine this afternoon about you. He says if you marry the about you. He says if you marry the right sort of man, your place in so-ciety's cinched. What do you think of

"How utterly silly!" she laughed.
"Caleb, this society idea of yours has become an obsession. What do I care for that sort of thing. It's pleasant to be asked to houses where one has a good time. That's all. It's like eating ice-cream when one is used to bread pudding. I'm not anxious to eat, drink and breathe nothing but ice-cream three times a day all the rest of my life. Why should I want a cinched place in society' as you so elegantly

s'ciety.—well, you may not tell him so; but you think it, all the same. An' it 'd be a crime for you to miss it all. If

'd be a crime for you to miss it all. If you marry the right sort of man."

"The right sort of man!" mimicked Desiree, wrathfully, "Caleb, there are times when I'd like to box your eas. I wish you and Mr. Caine would mind your own grubby Steeloid business and not gabble like two old washermen about my affairs. "The right of a man.—! Why.—"

"How'd you like to marry Amz! Nichols Caine?" suggested Conovertentatively. "Dandy fam'ly,—fairly rich—good looker—travels in the best crowd—"

"Warranted sound and kind—a child can drive him—a good hill climber—

"Warranted sound and kind—a child can drive hlm—a good hill climber— guaranteed rustless." snapped Desiree in lofty contempt. "Caleb, do you want to be made to drink more tea?"
"Honest, girl, I'm in earnest. He's—"
"He's engaged to Letty Standish, for one thing. And if he wasn't, I wouldn't marry him if he and a tone-deaf plano tuner were the only two men left on earth."

earth."
"His bein' engaged to the Standish
girl needn't matter." urged Caleb, too
much engrossed in her first observation
to note the second, "Because I can fix hat all right.'

that all right."

In spite of her indignation, Desiree laughed aloud.

"Oh, you great and wise man!" she cried. "How, may I ask?"

"I don't know yet," he said with perfect confidence. "Because I haven't thought it over. But I can fix it. I can always fix things when I have to."

"Well, in this case." she retorted. "you can spare yourself the crime of parting two adoring hearts and shattering Granite's social fabric just on my account. When I really want to marry and mind I can't lure the shrinking Adonis to my feet I'll let you know. Then you can try your luck at making him propose."

might count.

For two days there had been a ceaseless downpour of rain. Conover and
Caine, draped in long water-proof
coats, stood at the entrance of their
hotel looking out on the flooded streets and dingy, streaming sky. They were waiting for the carriage that was to bear them to the State House. Caine glanced ever at his watch, his armor of habitual bored indifference worn perilously thin. Conover, on the other hand, showed no more emotion than if he were on his way to luncheon. As Caine's hand, for the tenth time, crept toward his watch pocket, the Fighter

"I can save you the trouble of look in', son, by tellin' you the startlin news that it's just about thirty seconds news that it's just about thirty seconds later'n it was when you took out your watch before. What's your worry? We're in lots of time. As lon- as we get there when the Assembly's called to order it's all we care. I've done ev'rythin- that can be done. All I'm goin' to the lobby for is to jack those able statesmen up when Blacarda starts to stampede 'em. I've made my arr--ements with each man who's goin' to yote our way. An'. as I figrer arra-ements with each man who's goin' to vote our way. An', as I figger out, we'll kill that Starke bill by two votes. Easy that many. But there's four or five Assemblymen that need my fatherly eye on 'en when the bill comes up. Otherwise they'll sure bolt. I know 'em. While I'm there I'm like your friend Napoleon; worth 40,000 men. Or, 40,000 dollars, if you like it better that way. I've got my grip on the that way. I've got my grip on reins. Don't you fret."

CTo be Continuedo

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trouble, constipation, sick headache, indigestion, bad taste in the mouth, biliousness, specks before the eyes, melancholy, or tired feelings, should "You don't understand," he insisted It means a lot more'n that. With your looks and brains an'—an' the big lot of cash your father left you,—you could make no end of a hit there. You'd run the whole works inside of five years. You'd have the same sort of position here in Granite that Mrs Astor an' those people have in New York. Think of that, Dey! It's a thing you can't afford to throw away. When anyene says he don't care to shine in

Anyone who is suffering from liver

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